THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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HENRY DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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VOLUME XXXII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1853. WHOLE NO. 1655.

Original Poetry.

TALLADEGA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A glorious valley in a Southern land,
In mingled beauty lies;
Where Nature o'er with soft and lavish hand
Her fairy gifts supplies;
So fair the verse, that o'er the Red Man's tongue
Poets loved to wreathing grown,
And years' long ages" in thrilling rapture sung
This little "vale of flowers."

And though the din of battle-verse was heard
Beneath its mortals ray,
While every leaf and every branch was stirr'd
By dying Chieftains' lay;
Now all is in shape the spirit of peace expands
How warring words are wings,
And in its midst a lovely village stands,
Whose happiness supreme is

Oft times amid'st the bending pines there floats
A low and plaintive tone,
With softest airs and gentle-ling notes,
Like pen'ed spirits' moan;
Yet remember'd the song of gladness tells
From fond and loving source,
And from the graves and yet sin-grieving hills,
Its chorus ne'er departs.

Oh! sunny spot! a thousand charms are thine!"
The earth and air are rife
With whisp'ring loveliness from beauty's shrine;—
And ne'er is heard the strife.
The better strife, that wages amid the jar
On life's tempestuous sea,
Resounds from all the restless world afar.
Then rest'st in peace
Talladega, Ala. M. J. S.

Original Novelet.

MISS THUSA'S SPINNING-WHEEL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY MRS. CAROLINE LEE HENTZ,
AUTHOR OF "EOLINE," "LINDA," "MARCUS FLEMING," &c.

Entered according to the Act of Congress, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER II.

"With burnished neck of verdant gold, erect
Amid his circling spoils, that on the grass
O'erflowed redundant, his attendant sat, as king."
MILTON.

Helen recovered, and the agitation caused her sickness having subsided, every thing went on as usual in the household of Miss Thusa. Time sets, Mrs. Gleason resolved that she would keep her as much as possible from Miss Thusa's influence, and endeavored to make home a more, more soothing union with herself. Her only one knows how entirely the remembrance passed in the hour of danger, are forgotten in the moment of safety—and how difficult it is to break through daily habits of life. Even then the pulse beats high with health, and the heart glows with warm affections, life is dull, dull, how much more so, when the whole hand is dark, and the whole spirit in taint, when the deadliest duty becomes a burden, and our, no-ding but her, is the prayer of the weary soul!

The only perceptible change in the family arrangements was, that Miss Thusa carried her wheel at night into the nursery, and installed herself there as the guardian of Helen's slumbers. The little somnambulist, as she was supposed to be, required no watching, and her mother had allowed to sit by the fireside till the family retired to rest. Mrs. Gleason could not be so unmaternal as to refuse, though she ventured to intimate the warning, breathed by the feverish speech of her child. Miss Thusa had already endeavored to bear in mind, and illumined the gloomy grandeur of her legends by some lamentations of sympathy, that they were lightning before playing about rains, suggesting ideas of perdition and death.

Let it not be supposed that Helen's life was a shadow. Oh, no! In proportion as she shuddered at darkness, and trembled before the spectres her own imagination created, she rejoiced in sunshine, and revelled in the bright colors of creation. She was all darkness at night. There was no twilight about her. Never had a child a more exquisite perception of the beautiful, and at night she delineated to her mother the most awful and appalling images that imagination can conceive, by day she beheld forms more lovely than ever visited the poet's dream. She could see angels crowded on the flowing bosom of the sunset clouds, angels hovering in the azure of the sky. Night to her was peopled with angels, as darkness with phantoms. The brilliant winged butterflies were the angels of the flowers, and they were lighting the shadow as well as the sunbeam, and they her fancies would be unbearing through life alone, as well as the happiest, as fitted for that pilgrimage of life.

Childhood is naturally prone to superstition and fear. The intensity of suffering it endures from these sources is beyond description.

It was remarkable, when a child, with what children of age we used to listen to the wind rushing through the long branches of the elm trees. They trailed about the house, like the tresses of unseen legends and associated the sound with the moaning of spirits, with the flapping of their white wings. We remember hearing, in describing a terrible storm, that one of our young auditors seemed to press down upon her with the weight of love, and fill us with unconscious horror. The wind was rushing through the long and expanding and rolling in our souls, like the immense, deep and overwhelming. Night to us was the carnival season of mirth, and we felt it mean forever be rolling and enlarging, and we must have the windows open, that we might hear it bearing this dream night after night, and when we awakened, the first thought was storm-y, and we thanked God for it, and thought that he should find out what eternity meant. We were thrilled to tell the dream at breakfast, though all it was wrong, that it might be thought we were trying to please into the mystery of God, and we were shocked to find that we had no do.

Helen used to say, whenever she fell asleep in the day time under a green tree, or on the shady bank of a stream, as she often did, that she had the brightest, most beautiful dreams—and she wished it was the *fashion* for people to sleep by day instead of night.

Slowly, almost imperceptibly Mrs. Gleason's strength wasted away. She still kept her place at the family board, and continued her labors of love, but the short, dry, hacking cough succeeded a more hollow, deeper sound, and every day the red spot on her cheek grew brighter, as the shades of night came on. Minie heeded not the change in her mother, but the affectionate heart of Louie felt many a sad foreboding, as she listened steps and hushed tones plainly told. He was naturally joyous and gay, even to rudeness, always playing some good-natured but teasing pranks on his little sister, and making the house ring with his merriment. Now, whenever that hollow cough rang in his ears, he would start as if a knife pierced him, and it would be a long time before his laugh would be heard again. He redoubled his still attentions, and scarcely ever entered the house without bringing something which he thought would please her taste, or be grateful to her feelings.

"Mother, see what a nice string of fishes I am sure you will like these."

"Oh! mother, here are the sweetest flowers you ever saw. Do smell of them. See, they are so reviving."

The tender smile, the fond caress which rewarded these love-offerings were very precious to the warm-hearted boy, though he often ran out of the house to hide the sorrow that crept into his eyes.

Helen knew that her mother was not well, for she now reclined a great deal on the sofa, and Doctor Seneca came to see her every day, and sometimes the young doctor accompanied him, and when he did, he always took a great deal of notice of her, and said something she could not help remembering. Perhaps it was the peculiar glance of his eye that fixed the impression, as the characters written in indelible ink are pale and illegible till exposed to a slow and gentle fire.

"You ought to do all you can for your mother," said he, while he held her hand in his lap, and Doctor Seneca counted the feeble pulse by the ticking of his large gold watch.

"I am, I am little to do any good," answered she, sighing at her own complaining.

"You can be very still and gentle."

"But that isn't doing any thing, is it?"

"When you are older," said the young doctor, "you will find it is harder to keep from doing wrong than to do what is right."

Helen did not understand the full force of what he said, and the saying remained in her memory.

The next day, and the bloom of early summer was on the plains, and its deep, blue glory on the sky. Helen thought again and again what she should do for her mother. At length she remembered that some one had said that the strawberries were ripe, and that her mother had longed exceedingly for a dish of strawberries and cream. This was something that even Louie had not thought of, and he was the first to tell her of the delicious fruit.

With a bright tin bucket, that shone like burnished silver in the sunbeams, swinging on her arm, she tripped down the hill, and then down a narrow lane, till she came to an open field, where the tall grass was waving in silken tassels, and the potato vines frolicking at its feet. The long, shining leaves of the young corn threw the sunlight like polished metal, and Helen thought she had never seen any thing so beautiful in all her life. She stopped and pulled off the soft, tender, green silken tassels, and twisted them over her ears, and twined some in her hair, as if she were a mermaid, her sea-green sluggish heading. Then spring-ing, she bounded on, and came to the edge of the field, and jumped over a fence that skirted the meadow, and there, in the midst of the verdure glided like an azure serpent in glittering coils, under the shade of innumerable hickory trees. Helen became so enchanted with the beauty of the landscape, that she forgot her mother and her strawberries, forgot there were such things as night and darkness in the universe. Taking off her shoes and tying them to the handle of her bucket, she went down to the edge of the stream, and dipping her feet in the cool water, waded deep in the sand, till the water in the bucket curdled round her ankles as if they loved to play with any thing so smooth and white. Then she saw her bright image of hair shining on the sand, and she sprang out of the water in gaiter them, wondering if pearls and diamonds were half so beautiful as they.

"How I wish strawberries grew under water," cried Helen, suddenly recollecting her kind mission. "How I wish they did not grow under the hot sun!"

The light faded from her face, and the dimness of fear came over it. She had an unutterable dread of the water, and they were the theme of some of Miss Thusa's awful legends, and she knew they lurked in the long grass, and were ready to especially fond of children.

Strange, in her eager haste to do something for her mother, she had forgotten the very danger she most dreaded by day,—now, she wondered she had dared to think of coming.

If I only had my mother here!" I dare not jump over that fence and wade about in grass where I cannot see."

"I'm made do all you can for your mother," echoed in clear, silver accents in her memory! "Cousin will gather the fruit for her, and not she," and she will never know how much I wanted to do it myself. Then I can have credit for themselves, and I never heard of one being bitten by a snake. If I pick them for my mother, I shall grow brave, and she could get upon the topmost rails, and it would not reach her there. She bounded on, and the struggle was over. She shadow as well as the sunbeam, and they her cheeks would be unbearing through life alone, as well as the happiest, as fitted for that pilgrimage of life.

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As she felt no sting, no pain, and the snake lay perfectly still, she ventured to steal a glance at her foot, and saw that it was a piece of a vine that she had caught in her flight, and which her force had converted into the semblance of an adder. Springing up with the velocity of lightning, she darted along, regardless of the beauty of the stream, in whose limpid waters she had thought to behold her crimson-stained cheeks. She ran on, panting, glowing, perspiration, hot as drops of molten lead, streaming down her face, looking furtively back, every now and then, to see if that gorgeous creature, with glistering coils and burning eyes were not gliding at her heels. At length, blinded and dazzled from the speed with which she had run, she fell against an opposing body just at the entrance of the lane.

"Why, Helen, what is the matter?" exclaimed a well-known voice, and she knew it was safe. It was the young doctor, who loved to talk on the heads of that household stream, when the shadows of the tall hickories lengthened on the grass.

Helen was too breathless to speak, but he knew, by her clinging hold, that she sought protection from some real or imaginary danger. While he pitied her evident fright, he could not help smiling at her grotesque appearance. The perspiration dripping from her forehead, had made channels through the crimson dye on her cheeks, and the clusters of grain in indelible ink are pale and illegible till exposed to a slow and gentle fire.

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Our Picture Gallery.

KNEBWORTH, THE SEAT OF BULWER, THE NOVELIST:

GARDEN FRONT.

It is not often that an author has such a house to the above to go home to: but we must remember that E. L. Bulwer Lytton is a Baronet as well as a novelist. In relation to Bulwer's last work, "My Novel," the Home Journal has some interesting statistics. It says:—

"It is no joke to read Bulwer's last work: They had a witness of whom they were sure. The tall, gray figure of Miss Thusa appeared in the opposite door, at the moment of Minie's rude and violent exclamation. A look of Helen exasperated her still more against the offender, and striding across the room, she grasped Mittie by the arm, and swung her completely on one side.

"Let me alone, old Madam Thusa," exclaimed Mittie. "I'm not going to mind you. I'm not. You always take her part against me. Every body does—that makes me hate her."

"For shame! for shame!" cried the tall monitor, "to talk so of your little sister. You're like the girl in the fairy tale who was so spoiled that every time she spoke, toads and vipers crawled out of her mouth. Helen, I'll speak to your mother to-night, about you go to sleep."

Helen could have told her that she would not hear any thing of it, for she had heard what she feared Miss Thusa would be displeased, and think her ungrateful. Notwithstanding Mittie's exhibition and violence of temper, she did not like to have such dreadful ideas associated with her. When, however, she heard the whole story, of the usual witching hour, she felt the same fascination which had so often enchained her. At this moment, the blackness of fire no longer illuminated the hearth, but a little white rays flickered in the ruby wind that faintly murmured in the chimney. Miss Thusa was spinning by the open window, in the light of the solemn moon, and as she waxed more and more eloquent, she seemed to derive inspiration from their beams. She could see one twinkling all the time in the little gourd of water, swinging from her distaff, and in spite of her preference for the fairy tale, she found herself not only not help stopping her wheel, to admire the trembling beauty of that solitary star.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

STRANGE CUSTOM.—A most extraordinary custom prevails among the Vittoza, a powerful tribe occupying an extensive district in Central, among the mountains between Persia and India.

It is in fact, a female prerogative that has no parallel among any other people on the earth, and that reverses what we are in the habit of considering the natural order of things. The men choose their husbands, and not the husbands their wives.

If a woman be pleased with a man, she sends the drummer of the camp to pin a handkerchief to his cap, with a pin which she had used to fasten her hair.

The drummer watches his opportunity and does so in public, among the women: and the man is obliged to marry her, if he can pay her price to her father.

Pictures of Life.

FASHIONABLE SOCIETY.

OUR NEW LIVERY AND OTHER BETTHINGS.

A LETTER FROM MRS. POTIPHAR, TO MISS CAROLINE PETTIFOX.

NEW YORK.

MY DEAR CAROLINE:—Last came no frightfully early this year. That I was very much afraid my new bonnet *d'Impératrice* would be out from Paris ere it arrived. But fortunately it arrived just in time, and I had the satisfaction of taking down the pride of Mrs. Cornoa, who fancied hers would be the only stylish hat in church the first Sunday. She could not keep her eyes away from me, and I sat so unmoved and so calmly looking at the Doctor, that she never noticed mine. But, whenever she turned away, I ran my eyes over the whole congregation, and would you believe me, my dear, but actually fifteen of the ladies had their veils on! Think, however, I suppose they forgot that Lent was coming. As I was coming out of church, Mrs. Cornoa brushed by me.

"Ah!" said she, "good morning. Why, bless me! you've got that pretty hat I saw in Paris. Oh, well, she really came pretty: Lawson has some taste left yet. What a lovely sermon the Doctor gave us. Re-tho-bye, did you hear him? Gee has actually bought half the lilies color! It's too bad, because I want to carry my green ones with blue, and she's also so near, the effect of my hoot will be quite spoiled. Dear me! Pease she's beckoning to me; good-bye! do come and see us! Tues days, you know. Well, Lawson really does very well."

I was so mad with the old thing, that I could not help catching her by her mantle and holding it, as she attempted to escape, though not for my body to hear:

"Mrs. Cornoa, you see I have just got my bonnet from Paris. It's made after the Empress's. If you would like to have yours made over in the fashion, dear Mrs. Cornoa, I shall be glad to lend you mine."

"No, thank you, dear," said she, "Lawson won't do for me. Bye-bye."

And so she slipped out, and, I've no doubt, told all the world that I had been trying to get her mantle, as I came pretty often, quite helped into the carriage. It was. Dear Mrs. Potiphar (I've can't tell how nicely he says it. He says he telling me that it was very important to consider all the details and little things about the church. He said they were all Tymbales or Cymbals—or something of that kind; and then he talked very prettily about the aisle, and the violet and let capes of the cardinals, and pages' dresses, and how great a part the little aisle and lawn; and—do you know it was very touching—but it seemed to me somehow, as if I was talk with Pottifer, or Pottifer to me, that he had used such beautiful words. He's a wonderful man!

"Therefore, dear Mrs. Potiphar, as your fashion is so pure and child-like, and as I observe that the light from the yellow panes would fall across your pew, I would advise that you sport a yellow bonnet (wouldn't that be lovely, church?); by binding your prayer-book in pale blue; the color of skim-milk, dear Mrs. Potiphar, which is so full of pastoral associations."

Did you ever hear of such an one? Mrs. Cornoa's statement.

Mr. P. made a great growling about the bill. I don't see why foolish, for he got nicely to bed by six o'clock, and he need have no trouble

Darling Caroline—I don't care much—but did he ever have anything to do with a fearful Woman?

After he said that sheet artificial flowers. I ordered from Martelle the sweetest sprig of camomile he had in his shop, and sent it anonymously on St. Valentine's Day. Of course I didn't wish to do anything secret from my husband, that might cause trouble, but, as I was "Reverend Cream Cheese; from his grateful *Silkin Mill*." I marked the last words, and hope he understood that I meant to express my thanks for his advice about the pale blue cover. You don't think it was too romantic, do you, dear?

You can imagine how pleasantly Lent is passing since I am so much in love—and that it is so appropriate to Lent to be intimate with a minister. He goes with me to church a great deal, for Mr. Potiphar, of course, has no time for that, except on Sundays; and it is really delightful to see and hear. He makes the responses in the most musical manner; and when he kneels upon entering the pew, he is the admiration of the whole church. My bonnet has effect entirely in a shield of camelia pocket-handkerchief, with his initial embroidered at the corner; and his hair is beautifully parted down behind, which is very fortunate, as otherwise I would look an fool when only half his head showed. I feel so good when I sit by his side; and when the Doctor (as Mr. P. says) "dives up" those terrible sinners in Babylon and the other Bible towns, I always find the Rev. Cream's eyes fixed upon me, with an air of sweet sadness, that I am very, very sorry for the naughty people the Doctor talks about.—Why did they do so, do you suppose, dear Caroline? How thankful we ought to be that we live now with so many churches, and such fine ones, and with such gentlemanly ministers as Mr. Cheese. And how nicely it's arranged, that, after dancing and dining for two or three months constantly, during which, of course, we can only go to church Sundays, there comes a time for stopping, when we're tired out, and for going to church every day, and (as Mr. P. says)—striking a balance;" and thinking about being good, and all those things. We don't lose a great deal, you know. It makes a change, and we all see each other, just the same, when we don't dance. I do think it would be better if we took our largeories with us, however, for it was only last Wednesday, at nine o'clock prayers, that a new Chinese Idea came to me. Polly, tuney our Fred growing up to such a fine young man, and always sitting in the extreme of a single man or his own self-respect—youth, health, hope and energy, all gone for him, and he's only twenty-four, and can still probably wonder at the horrible harvest. Mr. Potiphar, and the Rev. Cream Cheese in one of his sermon upon the maidenhead of Lot's wife, and preach from this text: "They that sow the wind shall reap the whirlwind." Good Jesus! Polly, tuney our Fred growing up to such a fine young man, and always sitting in the extreme of a single man or his own self-respect—youth, health, hope and energy, all gone for him, and he's only twenty-four, and can still probably wonder at the horrible harvest. Mr. Potiphar, and the Rev. Cream Cheese in one of his sermon upon the maidenhead of Lot's wife, and preach from this text: "They that sow the wind shall reap the whirlwind." Good Jesus! Polly, tuney our Fred growing up to such a fine young man, and always sitting in the extreme of a single man or his own self-respect—youth, health, hope and energy, all gone for him, and he's only twenty-four, and can still probably wonder at the horrible harvest. Mr. Potiphar, and the Rev. Cream Cheese in one of his sermon upon the maidenhead of Lot's wife, and preach from this text: "They that sow the wind shall reap the whirlwind." Good Jesus!

I never saw Mr. P. so much excited. He flatly put his handkerchief to his eyes, and I knew a great deal, you know. It makes a naughty, and we all see each other, just the same, when we don't dance. I do think it would be better if we took our largeories with us, however, for it was only last Wednesday, at nine o'clock prayers, that a new Chinese Idea came to me. Polly, tuney our Fred growing up to such a fine young man, and always sitting in the extreme of a single man or his own self-respect—youth, health, hope and energy, all gone for him, and he's only twenty-four, and can still probably wonder at the horrible harvest. Mr. Potiphar, and the Rev. Cream Cheese in one of his sermon upon the maidenhead of Lot's wife, and preach from this text: "They that sow the wind shall reap the whirlwind." Good Jesus! Polly, tuney our Fred growing up to such a fine young man, and always sitting in the extreme of a single man or his own self-respect—youth, health, hope and energy, all gone for him, and he's only twenty-four, and can still probably wonder at the horrible harvest. Mr. Potiphar, and the Rev. Cream Cheese in one of his sermon upon the maidenhead of Lot's wife, and preach from this text: "They that sow the wind shall reap the whirlwind." Good Jesus!

"What can you do?" You can't curb there and you don't want to break down sports, you don't want to make them milk-sops."

When I repeated the speech to Mr. P., he frowned whether it was really me, or only the old white one made over with a few new flowers.

Now, I had had a great deal to say about it at a moment, and shouldn't have been obliged to lose all the prayers.

But, as I was saying, these poor old people in Babylon and Nineveh! only think, if they had had the privilege of prayers for six or seven weeks in Lent, and regular preaching the rest of the year, except, of course, in the Summer (by-the-bye, I wonder if they all had one at Saratoga or Newport to go to? I mean to ask Mr. Cheese), how many might have been good, and all have been happy. It's quite awful to hear how eloquent and earnest the doctor is when he's preaching Babylon. Then, to, he says he likes to have him "plish late those old Jews," and that's his motto, you know. But he speaks a great deal of poetry in it, and that I always look up and say I've found it, when I've read it. It was an odd expression for a minister, wasn't it? and I was obliged to say, "Mr. Potiphar, you forgot yourself." He replied, "Dear Mrs. Potiphar, I will explain;" and he did so: so that I admired him more than ever.

Dearest Caroline—if you should only like him! He asked one day about you: and when I told him what a dear, good girl you are, he said, "And her father is awfully overpowering," as he put it!"

I observed, you that your father was very fond of tea, he sighed, and said that he could never marry as heiress unless he clearly saw it to be his duty. Isn't it a beautiful resignation?

I had no idea of saying so much about him, but you know it's proper, when writing a letter, to Lent, to talk about religious matters. And, my dear cousins, there is something delightful in having to do with such things. Don't you feel better, when you've been dancing all the night before, and, instead of lying in bed, flirting and flying round, to go to church on Sunday? I do. It seems, somehow, as if I ought to go. But I do wish Mrs. Cream would sit somewhere else than just in front of us, for her new bonnets and her splendid clothes, and rages make me quite miserable: and then she turns out of church on Monday by talking about Lawson, or somebody, as I told you in the beginning.

Mr. Potiphar has sent out for the new carpets. I had only two spoiled at my ball, you know, and that was very little. One silver fork in pecia to sacrifice at least two carpets upon occasions of seeing one's friends. That handsome one in the supper-room was entirely spoiled. Would you believe that Mr. P., when he went down again to fill a glass with ice-water, (which is rather heavy), he somehow leaned too hard upon the table, and down went the whole thing, table, cloth, pastry, and glasses, and ended my poor carpet. I was sorry for that, and also for the bill, which was a very handsome one, imported from China by my father's partner—a wedding gift to me—and for the table, a delicate rose-wood, which was a work-table of my sister Lou's—when she was married, and she died from a fall from a cage. However, I was amply repaid by Bonsy's destiny afterward. He is a very sorry young man, and when he got home, he was intoxicated with pastels (his clothes, I mean,) he fell down and broke his leg.

Poor Fodge! So that went, and was a good deal smashed in falling. That's all, I think, except that I observed Mr. Potiphar was very fond of musical badge.

"Why?" said I. "it is not an American actress a servant will?"

"Not undoubtingly," he said; "and when a man is so fond of serving, for, Mrs. Potiphar, in this country especially, where to-morrow he may be the servant, and not the servant, he has no idea of serving. But, Mrs. Potiphar, I beg you to observe that a servant's livery is like a Governor's uniform, the badge of honorable service, but of mental service. Of course, a servant may be as honorable as a Governor, and often more honorable, and well done. But, for all that, it is not so respected. I observed a minister, I said, in social estimation, a man safter by wearing a livery, as he never would if he wore none. And while in countries in which a man is proud of being a servant (as every man may well be of being a good one), and never looks to any thing else, nor dreams any change, a livery may be very proper to the state of society, and very agreeable to its own feelings. It is quite another thing in a society constituted upon altogether different principles, where the servant of to-day is the master of to-morrow. Besides that, which

about replacing the curtains, and glass, &c. I shall do all that, and the sure total will be sent to him in a lump, so that he can pay it.

Ma was unreasonable. Fussy as at seven o'clock that morning, when I entered. He wasn't asleep. But where first was that I

"Polly," said he, "that's the last."

"Last what?" said I.

"Last ball at my house," said he.

"Fiddle-dee-dee," said I.

"I tell you, Mrs. Potiphar, I am not going to open my house for a crowd of people who don't go away till daylight; who spoil my books and furniture, who involve me in a foolish expense; for a gang of rowdy boys, who drink my Madeira, and Lafitte, and Monongahela, (what kind of drinks are those, dear Caroline?) and who don't know Chambertin from leguminous water,—for a swarm of persons few of whom know me, fewer still care for me, and to whom I not only: Old Potiphar," the husband of you, a fashionable woman, "I am simply ordered to have no more such tomfoolery in my house."

"Dear Mr. P.," said I, "you'll feel much better when you have slept. Besides, why do you say such things? Master's we use our friends, I should like to have it said of me, are you going to let your wife receive them in a manner inferior to old Mrs. Podge or Mrs. Grocer? People will accuse you of meanness, and of treating me ill: and if some persons lose that you have reduced your style of living, they will begin to suspect the state of your affairs. Don't make any rash vows, Mr. P.," said I, "but go to sleep."

(Do you know that speech was just what Mrs. Cream had told me she had said to her husband under similar circumstances?)

Mr. P. fairly grounded, and I heard that short, strong, little word that sometimes inadvertently drops out of the best-regulated mouths, as young Gooseberry Downe says when he swears before his mother. Do you know Mrs. Semus Downe. Charming woman, but salivated.

Mr. P. grunted, and said some more ill-natured things, until the cloak strunk him, and he was obliged to get up. I should be sorry to say to any body but you, dearest, that I was rather glad of it; for I could then tell along of my ball, and those trials of economical bellefies (I think they call them) are so tiresome. But you'll be glad I was warm and happy, when I tell you that I had the great gratification of hearing young Lord Mount Agee (you know you danced with him, love,) say that it was quite the finest thing at a ball at Buckingham Palace, except, of course, in size, and the number of persons, and liveries, and jewels, and the plates, and glass, and supper, and wines, and furnishing of the rooms, and lights, and the fact that those which are naturally upon a larger scale at a palace than in a private house. But, with the exception such things, it was quite so fine. I am afraid Lord Mount Agee flatters; just a little bit, you know.

Ta, and there was young Major Muggee, who said that "Decidedly it was the party of the season."

"How odd," said Mrs. Cream, to whom I told this, and, I confess, when Mr. P. was in that way—"What a sympathetic man that is, for a military man. I mean, I would you believe it, Mrs. Potiphar, that he said precisely the same thing to me two days after my ball?"

"Mrs. Caroline, dearest, *perhaps* he did!

With all these pleasant things said about my party, I cannot see that it was wrong in me, and that Mr. P. tries to make out. After one of his solemn talks, I asked Mr. Cheese what he thought of balls; and he said, in a very wicked to dance, and go to parties, if one only went to Church twice a day on Sundays. He patted his lips a moment with his handkerchief, and then he said,—and Caroline you can always quote the Rev. Cream Cheese—"Undoubtingly."

Dear Mrs. Potiphar, it is recorded in Holy Scripture that the King danced before the Lord.

Darling, *of any thing should happen*, I don't believe he would object much to your dancing.

What gossips we women are, to be sure! I meant to write you about our new livery, and I am afraid I have lived you out already. You remember every; and the cover of my pocket-handkerchief, and the Church, and almost every sermon was broken by the servant, though the man said he really didn't mean to do it, and I'm sure I say nothing; and a party of young men after the German Colleies, did let fall that secret. Mr. Potiphar and Church have adopted a dozen of the delicately engraved straw-stems that stood upon the wather. That was all, I believe—and I except that Mr. Potiphar has ordered a library." the most splendid book I ever saw, full of plates, and bound in the richest manner, by Visnna, and the other Italian towns, and which was sent to Mr. P. by an old friend, and artist, Mr. Powers, that's the Cabinet, that's Mr. Potiphar's. Somebody unfortunately tipped over a large bottle of ink upon the book, and that which is the loveliest engraving, of the Castle of the Smiths was able to keep a carriage, as that the livery would be recognized directly the moment any of the family were seen in their carriage. Upon which he said, in his provoking way, "Why have any livery at all, then?" and he persisted in saying that no Smith was ever the Smith for three generations, and that he knew at least twenty, each of whom would be set up his carriage and stand by his coiiers.

"Well," said I, "I am sure that is a most democratic," said I, "and it shows that a servant is a servant."

That was a strong argument, and I thought that Mr. P. would have nothing to say to that; but he only gave a little cough, and, telling me what right I had to be aristocratic, or, in fact, any body else—some over his eternal head, and that I was not to be ashamed of it, he hadn't a right to adopt the good usages of all nations, and finally ended by saying that he was among the was not only "a pure peacock aristocratic," as he called it, but that no genuine Republican would ever be obliged to adopt a menial badge.

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SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1853.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THIS POST ARE SET EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the POST are $2 00 if paid in advance—$2, if not paid in advance. For $6 in advance, one copy is sent three years. We do not like to have subscribers in Clubs, to be sent, in the city, to one address; and in the country to one Post Office:

4 Copies,	$5 00 For Annum	
8 "	(and one to Agent, or the	
13 "	(and one to Agent, or the	
20 "	(and one to Agent, or the	

AGENTS TO CLUBS.—Any person may act as agent for the POST, and receive the above terms for a Club, who may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the Agent will procure their subscriptions and send at the same time those of the main list. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Specimens will be sent to Postmasters in such Club, and at once and the names added, and their exertions solicited.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible, as the most safely can be deducted from the amount.

Post Masters are often sending for Clubs, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address, when they can do so conveniently.

Subscribers wishing their papers changed, will please name the name of the Post Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post Office they wish it hereafter sent *to*.

We trust our old friends the Post Masters will exert themselves and get up large Clubs for the Saturday Post; for it will be found a valuable help to advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that will show our Prospectus to some other influential and responsible person who will be willing to do so.

OUR NOVELETS.

We shall forward the back numbers of Mr. Lee Bentz's novelet,

MISS THUSA'S SPINNING-WHEEL,

to new subscribers, until further notice.

For the benefit of strangers who may chance to see this announcement, we will say, that it is a story of the conclusion of Mr. Lee Bentz's novelet, we expect to start the new one called

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Second Conviction of Arthur Spring.—This unfortunate gentleman has been once again convicted of murder in the first degree. At the close of the trial, having obtained permission of the Court to address the jury, he protested his innocence, and the guilt of his son.

Can it be wondered at, that every heart should be steeled against the appeals for mercy of such a criminal? Can it be wondered, that he make a scapegoat of his innocent son—a son who, at the moment of trial, was perhaps contemplated his own self-destruction?

Cases like this, evincing such devilish depravity—and we question whether many of us have ever witnessed any thing like it—are of considerable degree from Milton's Satan and Goethe's Mephistopheles, are not disposed at first thought to doubt whether they do not even exceed what the devil would be guilty of—such cases, we say, are like the rare appearance of certain theories as to the amount of evil that can find lodgment in the human soul. The less that we think and hear concerning such, with whom he had been on terms of intimacy—the better. Nothing evinces of between one and two hundred dollars—and then attempt to fasten its crime upon his only son—that son, too, a moral character—and to be tried and convicted upon that depth of spiritual depravity, of which he is himself guilty, is what never has been, neither in this world, neither in the world to come.

And similar cases are not uncommon. The newspapers every year—perhaps we might say every month—contain instances of the same kind—unparalleled in the annals of crime, except the following from a recent number of the New York Tribune:

We learn from a letter under date of Mackinac, March 2d, that Mr. O. T. Hosmer, of Grand Rapids, Michigan, has murdered one of his mother's children. He had bettered the child for some trifling offence, and left it in the cold. The night his wife locked up for some time, and fed it only occasionally. On the fourth or fifth day, our per day being the allowance of each. He then took the child to the woods, and there left it to perish by cold—to smoil, when they escaped the gaze of men. Perish was accordingly consummated, and hopes are entertained that the murderer will be hanged.

It is not pleasant to dwell upon these records of human wickedness, but it is well to know what the human heart is capable—for a letter much is better than even the most pleasant fiction. In the present case, the child was put to death by the gallows—at least imprisonment for life, sloughing a man out from the world's face air and sunshine. These are the cases which make the necessary severity of the law so indispensable. Such cases are the very worst of all murders. Which current false, non-colored views of the human heart—false, because they are not true—may become in a few, or even perhaps in one generation, by turning his back upon the world, and the soul, and abandoning himself to the guidance of his sinful propensities and passions.

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THE RAPPINGS.

Among the recent converts to modern spiritualism are Judge Edmonds, Gov. Talmadge, Gen. Wesley Thompson, Gen. Hamilton, a few of the Judges of the Courts, and several lesser lights in the political world. Mr. Fox, of the Jackson Whig, of Georgia, owns a believer in the spirituality of the rappings.

Our readers will notice in another column, the resolutions of a Report upon this subject, made in the Legislature of Connecticut by Messrs. Bronson and Pomeroy. We see it stated that the Report was prepared by Dr. Cheever and Dr. Patten,—a hint as to its character has been given—but the Associate Committee is silent.

Of course, to this day of improbable events, such a thing might happen; but we think it highly improbable that Judge Edmonds will be induced to abandon his profession, and go to Mexico to play the Louis Napoleon game in Mexico for his own advantage, than that he will leave a greater field for the same game, for the sake of Spain.

Add to it the improbability and possibilities of the case; while we do not think it possible that the Mexican nation ever could be induced to become again a mere colony of any other Government or Spain, we do not think it impossible that the people might be brought to play the Louis Napoleon game in Mexico for their

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1853.

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STEAM-POWER BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE,

No. 66 Sansom Street, Philad'a.

Where Books, Pamphlets, Hand Bills, Way Bills, Circulars, Bill Heads, Cards, Labels, &c., are printed with despatch, in the neatest style, and on the most reasonable terms.

DEACON & PETERSON, Proprietors.

General News.

RAPE ITEMS.—The business of manufacturing shirt collars is prosecuted to an extraordinary extent at Troy, N. Y. There are a large number of manufactories, each of which employs from 500 to 1,500 females in this work, and there are besides half a dozen factories, in which the article is made by machines.

SUICIDES AND ACCIDENTS.—Seventy-one suicides in Boston of the variolators was presided over by Mr. Hiller.

THE SEASON SOUTH.—The Columbus (Ga.,) Enquirer, of the 29th ult., says, in Chesterfield, Sumpter county, a Spring. The woods are so to be called an early one.

During last Fall some thirty wild ducks were captured and captivated about Mobile. Cuttings were clipped to prevent escape, and they are gradually becoming domesticated.

LIBERAL PAY TO LECTURERS.—A Boston newspaper says that P. T. Barnum, of Museum fame, received three thousand dollars, the past winter, for lecturing in various places. The same journal informs us that Dr. Holmes, the poet, has been paid eight hundred dollars for a single course of lectures.

EARTHQUAKE IN CALIFORNIA.—Since November 21st, 1852, there have been thirty-two shocks of earthquake felt in the city of San Francisco. The effects on the desert have been more severe. At one place, the ground was rent open for over, the Big Lagoon, and other places, the earth has sunk down, and the water in the streams on the mountains has entirely disappeared, and in their places volumes of sulphurous and bituminous sulphur have appeared.

A mother and four children, in Cincinnati, residing in the third story of a house recently burned, finding the fire in the basement, in consequence of the stories beneath being on fire, the mother cut open the bed, and put her children with her. Here, tying one of her children to her shoulder, she descended from above an alley six feet in width to the roof of another building, from which, descending to the eave, she returned, and in like manner carried over in safety each of the children.

A "BOARD" SOMEWHERE.—At Halifax, N. S., a short time since, a soldier of the 76th was attempted to desert. He was found nailed up in a box which was nailed to the bottom of a cart, with cans." When released from his dismal position, he was in a state of great exhaustion.

A young Chippewa Indian recently saw and killed, in the neighborhood of Stevens' Point, Wisconsin, a young bear. As soon as he had killed his prize, he found himself in the centre of a circle formed by the bear's relations, who immediately commenced a dance around him. The bear's dance was the signal for the attack, but the struggle was fearful. While the beast was writhing among the trees and vines, he broke the bow. He conquered at last, though with the loss of the flesh of his left arm, which was torn off to the bone and nearly scattered from his body.

FEMALE EQUESTRIENNE.—A lady worshipper of Grand Church, New York, on the 10th inst., took her two dogs into her pew with her. The dogs, however, not to be outdone by example, had some that almost 170 vessels, manned by 2,000 men, were engaged in the whale fishery, per annum, making excursions.

THE PRESIDENT'S HORSE.—Don't like the Express, have adopted a novel way of expressing their contempt, and speaking of the horse, they now look at him through the wrong end of a glass.

HARD WILL EXCEPTED.—The Hudson (New York) Gazette says that Mr. Lucius Lee, the "dog man," stationed at intervals along the whole length of the railroad, from that city to this town, each one works over his "beat," from sunrise to sunset, with a hoe, clump and rivet in his hand, and is constantly engaged in his work. Not a rail in that distance is allowed to remain loose, but is carefully examined after the passage of each train.

THE NEW U. S. TREASURY BUILDING RELEASED.—Washington has been disgraced long enough by the mean, petty, and contemptible conduct of the American Minister to Austria, in the matter of the sentence of Kossuth and the Hungarian patriots, who were engaged with him in the struggle for liberty in that country.

There is a little girl in the State Lunatic Hospital at Harrisburg. She is only five years and a half old, and is laboring under hydrophobia. Her case is the only one of the kind in the only instance recorded in this country, and is one of the most singular on record.

The British Guiana address have been received in the 15th of March. The Legislature was to meet on the 17th, and the Governor, in his message, was to recommend the abolition of the other half by direct taxes on the planters.

The Duchess of Sutherland's petition to the Queen of the United States, if we can call it by any term, to be entrusted to Mrs. Stowe, whose petition was not presented, and the name of which is said to be signed by half a million of the women of England.

Stories after the slavish vein grow, and several all streams of water in Europe.

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LARGE SALE OF LAND.—Messrs. John Lane, Samuel Parker and James B. Lane, managers of George Hackett, have disposed of several parcels of land, containing in all 1,000 acres, consisting of 2,722 acres, for $255,000. William Hall, of Philadelphia, Esq., was the agent for the purchaser.

Lieutenant Berryman, of the U. S. Navy, has performed the service of running two lines of levels from the mouth of Minnesota, being the first ever run in Minnesota.

The results give plausibility to the conjecture that the Red River country is from 500 to 1,000 feet more than 2,000 miles, (10,000 feet) above the sea.

A company has been formed, with a purpose, chartered, under the name of the Erie Railway, for the purpose of constructing a road and docks from the largest harbor on the lake, to Piermont (with) around the Falls of Ohio, in the State of Indiana, to the mouth of the Wabash. The project is pronounced practicable by engineers, and capitalists, and the route is a most favorable, to a canal. The cost is estimated at $2,000,000.

The Boston Bulletin Clear.—The last returns from Pennsylvania show that to the Electoral and secret Conservative members of the Legislature have been elected by majorities of 20 at the election.

In Cincinnati gas coal mines are likely to prove fabulous. Numbers of persons have been digging for coal, and have found it, but the mines of gold are yet to be seen.

Small Gold Mine.—It is announced at Fort Simcoe, New Mexico, gives an account of a mine of gold which has been discovered on the route from Albuquerque to Fort Fillmore. The gold is represented as very fine, and it is said that it can be made in the space of two days.

Home of the Repeaters.—Ebenezer Pope, Esq., the Secretary of State of Maine, being here on his way on Thursday. He leaves a family. Indeed, he has left a large and rapidly increasing family, numbering about 30. He was one of the Governors of Maine, (N. Y. Tribune, 5th inst.

Mr. Longworth, of Cincinnati, who are out again for higher wages, hold a large meeting, at which it was attended by about 2,000 persons. They adopted a scale of prices, fixing the rates at which they will work for mulberry trees, and running that to $2. Shota Times, April 5.

A Convention of Spiritualists recently assembled at Rochester, N. Y., at which three hundred persons were present.

How to Secure Teeth.—The soft shell turtle has been found in the waters of Louisiana, where they are known as the terrapin of Louisiana, where they are known as the terrapin of Louisiana, where they are known as the terrapin

Selected Poetry.

DIRGE.

BY MRS. T. S. HERVEY

Dropped away!—We may not hold them!
Majestic suns that once enfold them!
Dropped away!—like morning mist
Or pearly dew-drop kissed
Into the void!—and lips that cannot speak!—
Love is deep!

Do we call the restless back?—
Listen the sighs the lonely breathe!
Stretch them not upon the rack—
Let them sleep!

Let them slumber!—Here no more
Tyranism with its torment-core
Presages the storm-cloud's heart away
In its fair realm—All all is calm!
Love is deep!

Now that billows' war is waged,
Now the waters are avenged!
Peace walks the world where ocean roared—
Let them sleep!

Make 0' the wide earth opens for two—
Both were loving—one was true:
Lay them not asunder now
For the flowers upon their brow—
Love is deep!

Screw'd were they in their prime,
Not by chance!—
Plant them where the noon climb—
Let them sleep!

We who mourn them gone before,
Let us wait upon the shore,
Till you [illegible] before,
Listen ye for the soft unseen—
Love is deep!

Prayer shall watch them, as ye leave;
Thought shall follow into a heaven;
Love can melt, though Death may freeze—
Let them sleep!

Though our hopes be torn and dead,
Though our souls disconsolate,
Let us arise and go, and pray
In the light of God's white day—
Love is deep!

Soon enough the darkness shall
Soon enough the earth warm gallerie—
Wait we till the Angel moves—

"LET THEM REST!"

Selected Sketch.

DEER, WOLVES, BEARS, &c.

FROM "A STRAY TAPERE IN TEXAS."

Of all the animals with whose natural history I am acquainted, the deer is the most curious. Curious in both significations of the word are they, whether in all their habits, and also possessing a greater share of pure, unmistakable curiosity, than falls to the lot of any other living thing that I have ever had to carry them through the world. I have sometimes thought the genetic term, DEER, seemed had been bestowed upon the sex by some mighty hunter, who, equally cunning in the field and heedless, thus robbed and circumvented a fine, stage-coated accuser, and capital pun.

The deer appears to me to have been intended for a domestic animal: and we have none that so soon becomes familiar exit, and attached to man. Ken down a fawn of two months, throw him across the saddle in front of you, and as soon as you have reached home, you may rest the little fellow upon the ground, and leave him untied and unwatched, for the short ride of a mile or so: if your company is calm sufficient to thoroughly tame him.

Be careful, however, lest you meddle or mate you with those of a more wayward race. Their hoofs cut like razors, and every muscle in their hairy legs has the nerve and elasticity of a horsewing.

The stories travellers are wont to tell, concerning the dangers to be apprehended from bears, catamounts, wolves, and wild-cats, are all a gigantic hunting.

Wolves—at least Southern ones—are cowardly whipped ones. A catamount or panther is a huge creature in truth, and delicious ought make a formidable fight—and so might we on; and in fact, quite likely we have slept upon the ground night after night, without the least apprehension, in a thicket where I knew catamounts abounded, and although they left the sign manual of their huge paws in the sand, about the camp, they never dared meddle with the inmates.

The bear has a species of sullen courage, when her closely pressed, too badly treated, —especially if a female, should the family relation and the little ones be too closely intruded on. But brave bears to himself, don't tread upon his toes, and he is a very respectable, quiet, stupid individual, with a species of surly humor and fun about him, that is extremely amusing. The tiger-cat, or wild-cat, is barbarous, so far as my sanitary larger than poultry is concerned; at least I have never known of more than one person being injured by him, and he brought the punishment upon himself.

A sailor had escaped from some man-of-war, at Savannah bereft of being tried, and resuming the punishment of a disciple, he made a struggle up the river for Augusta. Before entering the town, he determined to recommence a little, or as he would have expressed it, come off pure and pick up a shilling or two, perhaps, who might furnish him with food and refreshment.

Fatigued with his hasty journey, honest Jack turned in, in a dense thicket, hoping to recruit his wasted energies, and bright with the void as a cat's nap, which, however, was but of short duration. A howling, howling, spitting, growling, barking, and caterwauling, in his immediate vicinity, suddenly awoke him, and jumping up in haste, he beheld a huge wild-cat, backed up against a tree, doing battle against some dozen hounds, whelps, and bull-dogs of every degree.

Now, everybody acquainted with Jack's idiosyncrasies, knows that Nature or Neptune has implanted in his breast a singular fondness for out-of-the-way birds and beasts; and our worthy friend could not resist the temptation of making cognizance or claiming a stranger. Drawing off his monkey-jacket, he cautiously approached the scene where all the clawlessness and not dreaming of her new enemy, and suddenly throwing the said jacket over the cat, he at once folded her in it, and drew her to him in a close, if not loving embrace.

He had better have hugged the *gunner's daughter*, for the alarmed and infuriated beast fastened upon him, and tore him at a fearful rate, and his suit. Four Jack, not smelons of exposing the tale of the Spartan boy and fox, cast off the stranger and he soon set he could get clear of her grapnels, and then had to take the best of his way into town for medical assistance.

I presume he learnt from this, the necessity of giving strange cats a wide berth when crossing to strange latitudes without a chart.

I am sorry to demolish the wonderful tales of so many of our Southern travellers at one bow; but I can assure my readers that so far as my experience serves, the beasts of prey of the South-West are a precisely harmless and unadvanced race of individuals, and that a portentous beast dangle from sporting through a bare yard, when occupied by its horses, cows, and oxen, than from staying a week in the wild woods, and listening to the nightsing serenade of the wolf, and the cattle of other and larger breeds in the corn.

But from the *stock* cattle of the prairies there is real danger. And the deer—instead of making down to me again—when thoroughly aroused, is no contemptible enemy, as any one will believe who has seen a buck with his hair thrown back, and his flashing eyes preparing for a charge.

I know a very worthy old gentleman, who, ere cross for Texas, has been shipwrecked, and lost all his worldly goods, save and except the *manuscripts*, and a dozen or so of *youngsters* of both sexes, all provided by dame Nature with profuse appetites and appetites to match.

For some time after their exodus, the family practised a series of experiments—like the Mr. Lucas, learned to live on nothing—in accustom how near they might approach the verge of starvation without going quite over the dam, and when at last the old gentleman became the possessor of a rancho, there was great rejoicing among his famishing brood.

Like many others, he imagined that so there were always great numbers of deer upon the prairie, all that he had to do was to go out and shoot them down; but being no great sportsman—Quaker to boot, and therefore not to the manner—of shooting—less, he made a sad mistake.

Leading his mother in such a manner that it would probably do execution, at one end, if it did not at the other, he sallied forth a-field.

At a distance, a large drove of deer were quietly cropping the prairie grass, and towards them he bent his way. Having heard the mode of *stranding the deer* described, when he had approached them somewhat, down he dropped upon his knees, and commenced Robinhoodian-ing towards his intended victims, thinking his gun lashed him. It was slow and cautious work, and the old gentleman was wheezing and panting like a high-pressure steamer, when he suddenly heard something behind him. Hurling rather faster than his cue was, he

He turned, and right in his track a large bear was following, snuffing and smelling the trail, his eye flashing, his fell all erected the way, and the beast evidently quite ready for a fight. Not so our hero—for, however much resolved, without a thought of putting it to its legitimate use, off he went, instead of his gun, and sounded the horn, to endorse the expression of his with and family, and to have his first and last hunting adventure fastened to him, a joke *en perpetuo*.

I knew an instance of a man who had been in the habit of creeping up to the deer before it arose, was returning home with the implement upon his shoulder, when a large buck made a fierce and unprovoked attack upon him.

Being a determined and powerful man, he gave the ungracious animal rather more than a Roland for his Oliver, and finally laid him out—as he said, *made meat of him*; but for the aid of the shot-shield, the result might have been different. Spades, certainly, were unsuspected with him.

The most singular affair of the kind that ever occurred to my knowledge, was a regular up and down fight, between a wounded buck, and an old, experienced, and athletic hunter. The latter had crossed the bayou, upon whose brink his cabin stood, and in a very short time encountered up to a fine deer, who fell in his tracks at the rifle's crack.

There are three things to be done when a deer is shot down, and your two brave hunter never neglects them—he first reloads his rifle—then hamstrings his game—then cuts its throat. On hunter imperfectly neglected the first precaution, and thinking the deer dead, or entirely *hors de combat*, from his hunting knife, and approached with the intention of cutting the hamstrings. A sad mistake he made; for just as he was about to cut, the deer gave him such a kick as a deer can give, the man landed upon his back, and the knife went—Heaven knows where.

In an instant, both the deer and man sprang to their feet—the former the deer rushed at the man, who, seizing the horns, and giving them a violent twist, down went the wounded monster; this was repeated again and again, until the contending parties were entirely exhausted.

At last, the quadruped meribed off a few yards, and stood looking intently at the biped. The latter, after patiently waiting for a fresh bout, endeavored to creep to the spot where his gun was lying. In an instant the deer was upon him, and again the same scene was reacted. Once more the deer left him, and this time our hunter had the good sense to lie perfectly still until nightfall, when the deer slowly moved off, and the man then crawled on his hands and knees—for walk he could not—to the bank of the bayou, and by his shouts obtained assistance. He was taken over to his cabin, and there lay for nearly two months before he recovered from his severe bruises.

The exact shedding of the deer's horns, is not the least singular peculiarity of the animal. The horns commence growing in the fall of the second year; in one year after, they drop off, and soon reappear with an additional point, so that is ascertain the age of the animal, all that you have to do, is to count the points upon the head—adding one, and two to them, you will obtain a correct result.

I have mentioned the curiosity of the deer, and very their inquisitive disposition is another one. It overcomes their timidity, and frequently proves fatal to the race.

Place yourself in a tuft of high prairie grass, while sight of, and not too far from a drove, and by popping up one arm, then another, then your foot, then waving a handkerchief from the end of your sword, you will soon have the animals' curiosity thoroughly awakened.

First they will smell the air, to endeavor to ascertain what your new creature is—then to make his appearance in their domain; then they will commence walking slowly up to you, with the most satisfied that it is a man, or not by a rifle-ball.

They manner very troublesome pets: perfectly at home, they will roam over every part of the field, garden, and house, puts their noses in the kitchen—the milk, upon a pan or two, and if they meet with anything not to their taste, they lick it a bout with their tongues, if they have any—walk out, nip a salad-bed, and lie down in the very midst of the warm roses, and perhaps finish their lunch with a camelia handkerchief or a choice bit of a linsey drop of ticker that he swallow has contrived to pay the salaries of them at great official. Such is the case with the Mexican Alcalde, Constables, Presidents and Captain House gentlemen. "Spose we was to quit drink—why, then—spose we was to quit eat—why, then how. That's the very reason I drinks. I don't eat, cause I generally have to. If I could get my own inclination, I'd rather drink buttermilk, or ginger-pop, or Dearborn's soda water. But I submit to the good of my country, to set an example of patriotism and virchuous self-denial to the rain generation."

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Dogberry spoke of the "ups of vanity, and the beauty of decorum," and walked off in her chamber.

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"Ye—a who?" said Smith, gazing at the smiling stranger.

"Who? Golly!" said the stranger, "I dun no who."

"Why, you, sir," said Smith.

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"Why, did not you wink and keep winking?"

"Winking! Well I did; so did you wink at me. I thought you was winking as much as to say, 'keep dark, I'll stick somebody in that lot if they'll only bid enough for it,' so as to say—I'll be darned if you don't, mister!"

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